

Religious Department.

Rev. J. W. MALCOLM, Editor.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The House of the Evangelists is under the care and responsible supervision of the church of the Holy Trinity, of which the Rev. S. H. Tyng, Jr., is the founder and pastor. It is entirely catholic and undenominational. Mr. Tyng calls it, "a short cut to the ministry." The students represent several denominations, and no pledges are exacted, except for Christian work in the city, and no denominational tenets are taught. The institution has some \$60,000 in its own right, and affords board, lodging, and instruction to students without charge. It is full, and is a success. The night college connected with it is a peculiar feature. Popular lectures are given in the chapel of the church, to which Sunday-school teachers and others are admitted by ticket. Some 4000 tickets have been applied for. We notice the names of Drs. Crosby, Tyng, Duryea, and Hastings, and Rev. Messrs. Mingins and Vincent, and also Ralph Wells, J. Bennett Tyler, R. R. McBurney, and Professor Merrill, among those engaged to lecture. Undenominational in purpose, plan, and agencies, it is consecrated, simply, only, and always to more Christian work, and better Christian work, in the city of New York.

Once the churches delighted in each other's faults; now, blessed be to God, they are beginning to look with eyes of love, and hence do not see each other's deformities, though they all work together.

A ROYAL GIFT.—Recently the M. E. India Mission received a most important donation, from a Mohammedan Sovereign, consisting of grounds and buildings for a female home and hospital.

CHURCH EXTENSION.—The Baptist churches of Southern New York raised \$7,000 last year in aid of missions and churches in that field. They propose to greatly enlarge their work this year by building chapels and helping feeble churches to pay their debts.

GROWTH IN GRACE.

Grow in grace; because this is the only way to be certain that you have any grace at all. If we aim not at growth in grace, we have never been converted to goodness. He that is satisfied with his attainments has attained nothing.—He that sees so little of the promises of the inward, transforming, elevating influence of grace, as to think that he has attained all he can desire, has never understood the first elements of the Christian life. No! we are begotten to a life which aspires after perfection; we have desires awakened which nothing but complete holiness will satisfy. He who says he is content with his progress has never set out to heaven.—Robert Hall.

NEVER NEGLECT SECRET PRAYER.

These words were spoken by an earnest, efficient ambassador of Christ, one winter eve, to a band of persons who had just turned their faces Zionward.—Hoary-headed age, strong, athletic youth, and sweet, simple childhood were there, all striving to win a crown immortal; and as the words fell from their beloved pastor's lips they made many firm resolves to profit by them. Ere another day had closed they were many miles apart, among new scenes, and never again did they all meet together to tell of Jesus and His love; yet amid the din and bustle, cares and anxieties of earth, memory would often revert to that hallowed time and to those blessed words so full of precious import. Never neglect secret prayer; what a timely admonition. Well did that faithful watchman of Zion know to what temptations those zealous workers for Christ would be subjected, and well did he know the only safeguard against the cunning wiles of Satan. Members of that little company before two years had passed away, bidding adieu to loved and valued friends, cheerfully entered the dark valley, knowing that just beyond were the realms of endless day. No one entered their rooms without feeling that they stood almost at the very gates of heaven. Such perfect resignation and calm serenity of countenance, even amid exulting pain; oh it was wonderful! Satan dared not enter there. No; as far off he beheld the signal, triumph, and final victory. The prayers that ascended like clouds of incense from those sick beds, were effectual barriers against the powers of darkness. Others are to-day in the active arena of life, engaged in fierce conflict. Men wonder at the success that attends their labor, as they with hearts continually lifted to God for strength and guidance are enabled to do so many noble deeds. Never neglect secret prayer. Christian, see to it; let not complicated business or a multiplicity of cares deter you from a season of sweet communion alone with God—with your God, remember.

"If pains afflict or wrongs oppress;
If cares distract or sin distress,
The remedy's before you, pray."
—ELGIN ELSTON.

SUNSHINY CHRISTIANS.

There is a cheerfulness that is a Christian duty; yea, that is distinctly commanded to every heir of God. "Rejoice always; and again I say, rejoice." This cheerfulness is not merely the effervescence of animal spirits. Nor is it the ebullience of the deceiver. It is born of the inward, transforming, elevating influence of grace. It is not a temporary, but a permanent cheerfulness that is sunny, hopeful, happy frame which comes from heart-health. Such a temper of mind doth the body good "like a medicine." For many a lean dyspeptic is dying of sheer worry and peevishness. The acid humors of the mind strike through, and disorganize the digestive organs. The medicine, such as man wants, is not to be found in the drug store. A good dose of divine grace, with a few grains of thankfulness, and a bracing walk on some labor of love to the poor, will do more to put healthy blood into his weazen skeleton than all the drugs of the apothecary. A "merry heart" was about all the medicine that old Lyman Beecher ever took.

Cheerfulness, he it is remembered, is a temper of the soul, and not dependent on external conditions. Some of the most

miserable people we wot of are grumbling every day over porcelain and silver, and lay their wretched heads every night on embroidered pillows. The sunniest hearts I have ever found in my pastoral rounds have often been lodged in houses so poverty-stricken and obscure that even the tax collector never found them. They were people who have very little of this world, but a great deal of the next. They take short views of this life; but long ones of the life to come. Living pretty much "from hand to mouth," they learn to trust God a great deal more than their prosperous brethren, who secretly trust—their own bank accounts and government bonds.

The happiest heart I encounter in Brooklyn belongs to an aged cripple, who lives on charity in a fourth story. She is old and poor, and without relatives, and lost even the power of speech twenty years ago! By dint of hard effort she can make a few words intelligible. But I never saw that withered face distorted by a frown; and a few Sabbath since, when she was carried in to the commonwealth, she looked down from the pulpit into that old saint's countenance, and it "shone like the face of an angel." She lives every day on the sunny side of Providence, and feeds hungrily on the promises. Jesus knows where she lives. He "ofttimes resorts thither." She is one of his hidden ones. That old disciple will not have far to go when the summons comes from her Father's house. She lives near the gate now, and catches the odors and the music of that "marriage supper" for which she has her wedding garment on. Would to God that some of the sour-spirited, morose, and melancholy Christians of our acquaintance could drop into that old woman's garret occasionally, and borrow a vial of her sunshine.

Those who cannot visit such an antechamber of Heaven for themselves may enjoy a kindred satisfaction in reading the brief biography of old "Uncle Johnson"—a tract of twenty-five pages, published by the "Presbyterian Board."—Johnson was a Virginia negro, who died in Michigan at the almost incredible age of one hundred and twenty! He never would have lasted so long if he had not—like Father Cleveland, of Boston—carried about with him that cheerful heart that doth good like a medicine. One day, when he was at work in his garden, singing and shouting, his pastor looked over the fence and said: "Uncle, you seem very happy to-day." "Yes, massa. Ise just thinking." "What are you thinking about?" "Oh! Ise just thinking" (and the tears rolled down his black face)—"Ise thinking dat if de crums of joy dat fall from de Massa's table in dis world is so good, what will de great love in enuf? I tells ye, sir, dar will be enuf and to spare, up dar."

Once Mr. F. said to him, "Uncle Johnson, why don't you get into our meetings once in a while?" He answered: "Massa, I wants to be dare; but I can't have myself." "You can't behave?" "Well, massa, ob late years de flesh is gettin' weak; and when dey gwins to fill up, and sing about Jesus, I gins to fill up, and putty soon I has to holler, and den some one'll say, 'Curry dat man out de door, he sturbs de meetin'.'" "But you should hold in till you get home." "Oh! massa, I can't hold in. I bust if I don't holler." (Would not it be a blessed thing for some prayer-meetings that are now dying of dignity if they could have such a "holler" to wake them out of their slumber?) This valiant old negro lived in literal dependence on God. When a gift was made to him, he received it as if sent to him by Elijah's ravens. "When I wants anything, I jes asks de Lord, and he is sure to send it; sometimes afore Ise done askin', and den sometimes he holds back, jus' to see if I trust him." One of the last things remembered of him was the message he gave to a minister, who called to see him, when he was "waitin' for de chariot ob de Lord."—"Oh! massa," said he, "if you gets home afore I do, tell 'em to keep de table standin', for old Johnson is holdin' on his way. Ise bound to be dere."

We have given so much of this article to a sketch of this sunny-souled pilgrim not only because it might be new to most of our readers, but because such a living example of a "merry heart" is more impressive than a sermon on cheerful-ness. There are three or four "recipes" for securing this sunshine in the soul.

1. Look at your mercies with both eyes; and at your troubles and trials with only one.

2. Study contentment. In these days of inordinate greed and self-indulgence, keep down the accursed spirit of grasping. What they don't have makes them grumpy.

3. Keep at some work of usefulness. Such men as "Uncle Yasser" and D. L. Moody are seldom troubled with the blues. Work for Christ brings heart-health.

4. Keep your heart's window always open towards heaven. Let the blessed light of Jesus' countenance shine in. It will turn tears into rainbows.—Rev. T. L. Cuyler in Independent.

PRESBYTERIAN.

A special session of the Presbytery of Brooklyn was held February 5th and 6th, to consult as to that action should be taken concerning the preaching of a woman, Sarah F. Smiley, of the Society of Friends, in the Lafayette-avenue church, of which the Rev. T. L. Cuyler is pastor. The Presbytery adopted the following:

"The Presbytery having been informed that a woman has preached in one of our churches on a Sabbath, at a regular service, at the request of the pastor and with the consent of the session, therefore:

"Resolved, That the Presbytery feel constrained to enjoin upon our churches strict regard to the following deliverance of the General Assembly of 1832: 'Meetings of pious women by themselves for conversation and prayer we utterly approve; but let not the inspired prohibition of the great apostle, as found in his epistles to the Corinthians and to Timothy be violated. To teach and to exhort, or to lead us in prayer in public and promiscuous assemblies, is clearly forbidden to women in the Holy Oracles.'"

A resolution offered by the Rev. Mr. Talmage, "that we find no cause of complaint against Dr. Cuyler, he having, by his act, offended no law of the Presbyterian Church; also that, as a Presbytery, we encourage pulpits exchanges with the clergy of all evangelical denominations, so that there may be more intimate and sympathetic relations with Christians of different names; also, that we hail the coming of the time when she who was last at the cross and first at the sepulchre shall go everywhere, recommending the pardon and comfort of the Gospel to a suffering world," was laid on the table.—Methodist.

Agricultural Department.

I. D. E. COLLINS, Editor.

HINTS ABOUT SUGAR MAKING.

CONTINUED.

Our sugar orchard is so situated that we can gather the sap with team. Have a holder made the largest at the bottom, and holding from thirty to forty pails full, with a circular hole in the top head, large enough to admit a pail, to which is a tight-fitting cover. Near the bottom upon one side a common molasses gate is inserted. Have a strainer in the hole in the top. This holder fastened upon a sled, and we are equipped for gathering the sap. As soon as sap enough has run to make it pay to gather, it should be taken to the sugar house and boiling commenced. The sooner sap is converted into sugar after running from the tree, the better will the sugar be, other things being equal. When we get our drawing holder full we take it to a point some four or five rods above the sugar house, from which place there is sufficient descent to enable us to carry it in spouts to the store holders, which are placed upon a platform, with the bottom of the holders a trifle higher than the pan in which the sap is to be boiled. We use five inch spouts to conduct the sap as it will run quite rapidly through a molasses gate and will run over if a much smaller spout were used. Where the sugar house is situated upon level ground this method of emptying the sap, is of course impracticable. In such a case a very good way is to use a pump, which may be procured of the timmer for some two or three dollars.

We have used the past two seasons, a Corey's sugar evaporator two and a half feet long, for about 450 trees and find its capacity amply sufficient. We made last season some 1800 pounds of sugar and did not boil any at night. Its capacity is about 175 to 200 pails full per day. The sap is again strained as it passes into the evaporator, and the syrup as it runs from the evaporator passes through a woolen (flannel) strainer. This strainer takes out nearly or quite all the substance which is sometimes so abundant in maple sugar, commonly called nitre. We sometimes have a quart or more of this substance, remaining in the strainer from one day's boiling. The syrup is left in the tub (which should be the smallest at the bottom) to settle over night. We find however very little sediment in our syrup since using an evaporator. The repeated strainings take out nearly every thing of the kind. Our pan for sugaring off is made expressly for the purpose, of the best galvanized iron, about four and a half feet long by three wide and ten inches deep; and is set upon an arch by itself. The extra depth of the pan we consider a great advantage, as it is not nearly as liable to run over. We can sugar off in this pan any quantity from fifty up to nearly two hundred pounds at one time. We use nothing in our syrup to "make the seam rise," believing that the sugar is nicer without any such doctoring. When the sugar will begin to "cap" on snow it is done sufficiently for tub sugar. As the season advances however it must be done a little harder, in order to grain well. When done set the pan off and dip or stir moderately while cooling. This will make the sugar finer grained, or in other words prevent coarse crystallization, and hard sugar. We have been thus particular in our description because we have been repeatedly asked in regard to the different processes gone through with and not because we think ours the best possible method in every particular. The great thing that we would insist upon, is the greatest possible cleanliness, and we verily believe that more poor sugar is made from neglect in this one particular, than from all other causes combined.

EVAPORATORS.

We have been asked repeatedly if we would advise putting in an evaporator, and presuming that some, and perhaps many of our readers, would be glad to hear something in regard to them from those who have had experience in using them, we will briefly give our opinion, and hope that those of our readers who have used them will give us theirs through our columns. In the first place we will say that we know of no other method whereby quite so nice sugar can be made, as with an evaporator; and with the operation of ours we have always been perfectly satisfied, believing it is the most expeditious method we have ever tried, and also secures a large saving in fuel. Still under certain circumstances we would not advise putting one in. In order to secure the advantages named, constant attention must be given; while in operation the sap must be "run shallow," and the fire kept going. It is claimed that an evaporator can be left while boiling with as much safety as a common pan. We do not deny this, but if it must be habitually left thus, it possesses no particular advantage over the common pan, because in order to leave it with safety, long at a time, the regulator or feeding apparatus must be so adjusted as to run the sap deeper in the pan and thus, partially at least, destroy its distinctive advantage over the common pan. We say then, where the sugar orchard is small and the quantity of sugar made will not warrant the constant or nearly constant attention of an individual, it will not in our opinion pay to put in the evaporator. Again, where one has a set of arches and pans in good condition and sufficient for his purposes, we would not advise to tear them out and throw them away for the purpose of putting in an evaporator. With cleanliness and care a good article of sugar can be made with the common pan's, and the advan-

tages secured by the change would warrant too great a sacrifice in this way. Where the average yearly product of the sugar orchard is from 800 pounds upwards, and new apparatus is to be put in, we believe it will pay to put in an evaporator. The sizes required would be about as follows. For a sugar orchard producing from 800 to 1200 pounds a pan 9 feet long 47 inches wide; for one producing 1800 to 2400 12 feet long 47 inches wide and for one producing 2400 to 3000 pounds 15 feet long and 47 inches wide. Where the product is much larger than 3000 pounds more than one would be needed we think. These sizes cost at the manufactory at Bellows Falls, respectively \$45, \$55, \$65, and \$75, or two two years ago, and presume they cost the same now. Doors, grates and feed-pipe extra; regulator free with pan.

FARMING IN NEW ENGLAND.

The Groton Public Spirit publishes a report of the discussion by the Littleton, Mass. Farmers' Club, Jan. 8, of the question, "Does Farming Pay in New England?"

Levi Conant said he was aware that there were instances in which it did not pay, but believed that as large a proportion succeeded in that as in any other business. He said: the time is coming when we shall farm better than heretofore. Advocated having less land. Those who make it pay, farm judiciously, by saving all the manure and skillfully applying it.

T. C. Fletcher did not believe, that farms paid three per cent. on their value, if fair allowances were made for the labor of man and wife in carrying on the farm. When he came to his farm sixteen years ago he paid \$4327 for it, but he had deprived himself for a while of civilized life to earn it in California. Had since built a barn at the cost of \$1700, making a total of \$6067. Had schooled his children thus far, and had a horse to ride when he wished, but he had worked hard for these privileges, and had earned his living all the time. To be equal to money at interest it ought to double in ten years, but it had not. There were so many companies to swallow up the profits that there was nothing left for the farmer. Believed they were supplying the farming interest. Stated if he could earn his living and get three per cent. on the value of his farm he would be satisfied.

A. P. Whitcomb thought that farms paid more than three per cent. Said there were farms in town that were capable of keeping three times the number of cattle that they were a few years ago. Did not think that he reckoned the improvements upon our farms at their full value. Upon almost every farm in town now, there is a new barn.

Levi Conant said if Mr. Fletcher should sell his farm and put the money at interest and go out and hire a horse to ride when he wished, and have as many leisure days as he now has, school his children the same as now, and set as good a table as he now does, he believed he would find himself at the end of the year from three to six hundred dollars behind hand.

B. Needham, believed farming paid in Littleton, and could cite instances where farmers had hired money and bought farms and paid for them.

R. S. Hagar compared New England with the West. In many places they live on the cheapest food and live in log houses; burn pitch knots, or tallow dips for lights; have poor roads and are deprived of refined society. Here we live in good houses, well furnished inside and painted outside; lighted with kerosene lamps or others equally expensive; live on the best of food and its accompaniments; support good roads, schools, churches, the Lyceum and Farmers' Club. If we reckoned these privileges at their true value, we are as well off in our location and occupation as in any place or business in which we engage.

GRADE OR COTSWOLD-MERINO.—We have just killed one of our grade Cotswold-Merino lambs, not seven months old. He weighed alive 96 lbs. The blood weighed 21-2 lbs.; offal, 21 lbs.; skin and feet, 18 lbs.; waste, 1-2 lb.; carcass, 24 lbs. Is not that a pretty good lamb for a common Merino ewe that cost only \$2.40? I raised 74 such lambs from 60 ewes, and was foolish enough to sell 70 of them to the butcher in July, most of them better than this one. Unless a farmer raises very early lambs, and has good opportunities for disposing of them to the best advantage, it will pay better to keep them—if they are kept well and are of the right kind. I think I never saw better woolled sheep in my life than these grade Cotswold-Merinos. They are covered with wool from the nose to the toes. I am inclined to think that the grade, and that ordinary farm management, these grade sheep will prove more profitable than the pure long-wooled sheep. The latter require better treatment than ordinary farmers are willing to bestow. If they were prepared to give the requisite food and care, no sheep, where money is in demand, would pay so well. But they certainly will not bear neglect as well as Merinos. And this is true of all good stock. It is a truth which farmers seem loath to know and act upon.

These Cotswold-Merino sheep require better treatment than Merinos, but nothing that any farmer can not easily bestow without changing his rotation or management. They get along very well without roots; require merely good pasture, good clover-hay; and a little bran, and a few oats or peas in winter would not hurt them nor do the manure heap any harm.—Am. Agriculturist.

It was lately remarked by a high official, that agricultural fairs were not beneficial to the farming community, and all that attended agricultural meetings were what he termed windy men, not of sound order. Now, what has improved the stock of Caledonia County if not the agricultural society? When this society was first organized a pair of oxen that would weigh 3500 pounds was almost an unheard of thing, but now strings of oxen come on to the Fair Ground that weigh 4000 pounds, and single pairs that weigh 5000 and even 8000 pounds in other sections of the State. This official also claims that the ones that raise the large cattle are the ones that "bust up," and those that raise the grub stock are those that lay up the money. The truth is, those that raise the good stock are generous, liberal, public spirited men. They improve their farms, make good buildings, build good fences, buy good books and are ready to help others as well as themselves, while the scrub stock men grasp their money like the iron vice, never pay out a cent unless they are obliged to, and the world is really the better for their being in it.—Union.

MY FUTURE REST.

Slow, step by step, day after day,
I journey on my homeward way;
And dimly dream the land of light
Is drawing near; night after night,
Where I shall reach my Rest at last,
And smile at all the perils past.

Sometimes I sing; sometimes I sigh:
Sometimes I lift the longing eye:
Sometimes my heart laughs at its load,
To think of that august abode,
Where I shall reach my Rest at last,
And smile at all the perils past.

This poor mortality I mean
Shall soon put on its dress divine,
To meet Him with the best above,
Who gave this life to gain our love:
And take my hand and lead me on
When all my poverty is past.

He will be near—my Life, my Hope—
When at the glowing gate I grope,
And I shall reach my Rest at last,
And I shall reach my Rest at last,
And I shall reach my Rest at last,
And I shall reach my Rest at last.

Just one more thorn raised from his crown
Of sorrow will cut me down,
And my last tears shall run to meet
Him; pour my full heart at His feet,
And I shall reach my Rest at last,
And I shall reach my Rest at last.

—T. J. PRATT.

LETTER FROM WEST CHARLESTON.

West Charleston is a beautiful village, situated on the banks of a beautiful river (the Clyde), a never failing stream. There is but few, if any, rivers in Vermont that discharge more water in the months of July and August than the Clyde. The locomotive power of this river at the present time is doing much for this place. There is busily at work, four shingle machines; one of which turns out about one hundred thousand shingles per week. This machine is owned by J. C. Page, who also has a starch mill and a mill for grinding corn. There is a tannery, carriage manufactory, sawmill, flour and grist mill, two carding machines, a cabinet shop, and last but not least, a mill for grinding emery and other stone, owned by E. C. Merrill. The emery he uses in manufacturing his celebrated cosmopolitan emery wheels and saw gunners which are fast superseding all other emery wheels afforded to the public. Mr. Merrill's composition for manufacturing artificial stone for monuments and architectural work, cannot be equalled in the United States or Europe. The future for his business looks more than bright.

There are four stores in the village and a peanut and oyster saloon. The stores are owned by Messrs. Bennett, Carpenter, (dry goods and druggs) Page and Webster. There is but few villages that can boast of as sound merchants (financially) as this. There is also in this village two millinery shops, two harness shops, two boot and shoe shops, two blacksmith shops, one paint, one carpenter shop, and one photograph saloon, where they take the shadow ere the substance fades.—That I think will answer for a village of this size, and with a few churches, Congregational and Baptist. The Rev. Mr. Childs, who officiates at the Congregational church, is a highly educated theologian and earnest in his labors. The church and community have just reasons to believe him to be a God-fearing preacher. The Rev. Mr. Nickerson who supplies the pulpit at the Baptist church is gaining the confidence and good will of all that become acquainted with him. His unassuming deportment among the world's people, as well as the church, is drawing many hearts to love him as a teacher, neighbor, and friend. Many see in him a man who is trying to lead them in the footsteps of the great Master. This village is blessed with three physicians, two Allopaths and one Eclectic. They are men who enjoy a good reputation and have the pleasure of a large practice. It must not be forgotten (especially by the vendors of the article) that we have an attorney, and counselor at law in this village. He is a young man, but fast growing popular with the people of this town and vicinity. He has the brains if properly cultivated that will place him some day at the head of the Orleans County Bar.

West Charleston is a very peaceable village if we except the annual temperance "spasms." Now the question is whether this annual contraction of the temperance muscle, is going to promote the peace and happiness of the village, and reform the erring. There seems to be two sides to this question; the moral persuasion, or the law of love party who claim they have the bible, and the teachings and examples of Christ, as a guide for them in all matters of reformation; while the majority of the party, claim that the law as revealed to them in the Statutes of Vermont is the right and only way to redeem the rum drinker and rum seller. Let the people judge which of the two parties are right. There was an item in the Express and Standard of Jan. 23, that reflected "just a little bit" of a sooty hue upon the doings of some of Charleston's most worthy citizens, in the matter of selling intoxicating liquors. Now the writer of that "item" ought to have known that there are three gentlemen that have a U. S. license to sell spirituous liquors in the village of West Charleston. It is a deplorable fact that now and then, somebody has been seen partially drunk in the village. But it is by no means a sure thing that they get drunk on Charleston rum. Many a bottle of the "critter" has been brought into our worthy tavern's bar-room by people that bought it in some neighboring town, and the contents were partially drunk by people that brought it; and these things are done without the consent or knowledge—most of the time—of the tavern keeper; but the effect the "critter" has upon the parties are all laid to Charleston rum. There are a few men in this village that have a remarkable scent for the "critter." If there is anything that will expiate their taint to the most pious souls, it is the smell of intoxicating liquors; the reason for this can only be conjectured. Perhaps it stimulates a depraved appetite which they cannot appease without "falling," or it may be the smell of lost power to dictate to the people what they shall eat or drink. What a pity it is that their olfactory senses are not acute enough to tell Newport and Stansfield liquor from Charleston. As for the boys getting whiskey at the tavern, it is all fudge. He would scorn the idea of selling the boys rum, and so would any other license dealer in this town. As to the shooting and head-splitting affair, that acts more like the neighboring towns' rum than Charleston. If the snelling committee only knew the amount of water that was mixed with Charleston rum, they would not believe the story for a moment. There are some of the enemies of the town agent, or acting agent, that would try to make people believe that his rum was the cause of the water being so scarce. Now there is not a man in the county, that knows the man—the christian and the philanthropist—would believe the first letter of such a base slander.

Very respectfully yours,

J. M. M.

Feb. 15, 1872.

JUST OPENED,

A lot of fresh new

TEAS

—A T—

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BARTON, VT.

All lovers of this

"WINK-TIPPING CORDIAL"

—A T—

CHOICE OOLONG TEAS

that will suit any one;

UNCOLORED JAPAN TEAS,

all grades and prices;

YOUNG HYSOON TEAS,

a variety of brands;

OLD HYSOON TEAS,

good for the kind.

THE BEST PLACE IN ORLEANS CO.

TO BUY GOODS

Is at Skinner & Drew's

THEY HAVE JUST RECEIVED

NEW DRESS GOODS,

SHAWLS.

VELVETEENS, MANTLES,

SKIRTS, CAPS, COTTONS.

Woolens, Flannels,

Ladies' Drawers; Women's and Children's Serge, Kid, Foxed, and leather Boots and Shoes; Ladies' and Children's Rubber;

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Men's and Boys' Books and Shoes; Lap Robes, Horse Blankets; Rubber Coats and Boots; Men's and Boys' Clothing; Overcoats; Ties and Tobacco;

In Fact, Everything Found in a Country Store.

Just call and look their goods over. No fault found can you do not buy.

THEY WANT

1000 Lbs. Dried Raspberries

For which they will pay the highest market price.

WANTED,

300,000 feet of pine, Spruce Lumber, cut 13 feet long, 11-14 inches thick, without regard to width, and 100,000 feet of Hard Wood Lumber, same length and one inch thick. Also a quantity of Hardwood, by E. H. DWYER.

Dealer in all kinds of Hard and Soft Wood Lumber Office in Skinner & Drew's building, Barton, Vt., Barton, January 4, 1872.

WATCH & CLOCK REPAIRING

always in order. Call and see me.

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